

**AFTER
DEATH
WHAT?**
THIS
PAPER
TELLS
YOU

SPIRITUALISM'S PICTORIAL JOURNAL

TRUTH The PSYCHIC OBSERVER

**TRUTH
FOR
AUTHORITY
NOT
AUTHORITY
FOR
TRUTH**

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An Intellectual Monstrosity

The experience of a spirit, as told by
himself, through the mediumship
of Cora L. V. Richmond.

The Real Light of Each
Soul Sometimes Hidden
By External Intellect.

LOVE—A POTENT FORCE

It Will Help Decide
What Immortality Is

"The fool hath said in his heart,
'there is no God'."

Undoubtedly I was mad! But I
will tell you what led up to it:

I had studied the laws of physi-
cal science. By nature born to in-
vestigate every form of life
around me, I had made up my
mind that everything was governed
by law, and that which we call in-
telligence was simply the action
of a portion of the natural forces
in the human organism.

I did not believe there was any
intelligence in the universe aside
from its manifestations in nature.
I believed that the human intelli-
gence, being the epitome of physi-
cal creation, was superior to all
other intelligence.

My Mind Made Up

I had a theory, and working up-
on that theory, I commenced my
education in foreign schools and
ended it at the University of Ber-
lin. I afterwards came to this
country, having visited England
and the other European countries.
I studied the thought of the vari-
ous scientific men in all the coun-
tries I visited.

I made up my mind that I would
devote myself to solving the hu-
man problem. In order to do that
I must become possessed of all
knowledge obtainable of the sub-
stance beneath the human organ-
ism. The theory of the evolution
of human life I had not doubted;
especially the evolution of intelli-
gence.

I pursued my investigations; be-
coming thoroughly acquainted, as
I supposed, with all that was
known of chemistry, of physiology
and anatomy, with whatever had
been written concerning the grad-
ual evolution of man from the
lower orders of existence.

Solvent of Human Intelligence

I will not weary you by tracing,
as I did through many years, these
different substances, but I thought
I had at last found the ultimate
atom, that which would give me
the solvent of human intelligence,
and I thought I could govern the
atoms in their molecular relations
in the same manner that they were
governed in the universe cosmic-
ally.

I resolved substance into what
I called cosmic elements. I placed
them in my retort, with the result
of what I supposed was, and what



Psychic Observer
CORA L. V. RICHMOND

I denominated, cosmic dust. In a
sphere or globe of glass, which I
cannot describe to you without
suitable apparatus, I arranged all
these elements, and having ob-
tained what I believed to be the
ultimate solution, I placed that
solution in a vacuum, or as near a
vacuum as obtainable, at first shut-
ting out the light and heat.

What I Reproduced

Gradually these molecules as-
sumed spherul form; gradually
there came to be a miniature ar-
rangement of the world, gradually
there seemed to be a center
formed.

At last I saw, to my not great
surprise, that center seemed to
control other centers, and that those
other centers controlled centers or
satellites. In other words, I re-
produced, under similar condi-
tions, what I supposed to be an
image of the moving, heavenly
bodies.

It is true there was no uniform
cosmic arrangement; there was no
great and wonderful agitation that
usually accompanies the forming
of new planets as offshoots from
the sun.

Organic Substance Inotated

I seemed to forget that the great
sun's splendor originally filled all
the space now occupied by this
solar system, that its various plan-
ets were formed by the forming
of outer rings, that in their turn
were broken to form the planets,
the satellites or moons being por-
tions of the ring that had not been
assimilated with the planet, but,
nevertheless have a similar rotation
and at last are drawn to the planet

to accompany it in its revolutions
around the sun.

Finally I decided to attempt the
imitation of organic substance,
producing in my experiments the
things that were analogous to
plants and to the lower order of
animals. In fact the fauna and
flora of this latitude were quite
well known to me, as well in their
generic as in their chemical rela-
tions.

"Man-made" Organisms?

I produced what I believed to be
imitations of nature, not of confer-
ring the origin of life without a
germ, but of forming an organism
of substance that would respond
to certain actions magnetically and
electrically.

This was as far as I could go;
but I thought with suitable analy-
sis of certain substances of which
the human organism is composed
in their active relations; if I could
only have a living organism be-
neath my eyes—I did not know of
the X-ray—if I could see it in ac-
tion (for I believed there could
be a distinct chemical and electri-
cal analysis while there was full
action in human life), I believed
I could obtain the results desired.

Nevertheless, I seriously set
about the creation of a human or-
ganism by superficial methods.

I Defied Infinite God

Intent upon my purpose, I found
that I was fully possessed with
knowledge of the human anatomy,
even the composition of the nerves
and the nerve aura, and of the var-
ious fibers and the different sys-
tems throughout the human organ-
isms.

I toiled for many years. I be-
came a recluse; I set myself apart
from all human beings in the pur-
suit of my one aim. I would be-
come a creator, I would defy,
not only this talk of an infinite
God, but of any intelligence supe-
rior to man or outside of the hu-
man organism; I would show that
it would be possible in the ultimate
of human science to produce what
nature produces as the result of
her organic laws.

What man had accomplished in
discovering and solving the great
problems of natural science, I
would add to and supplement by
the production of an intelligent,
automatic human being.

What I Remembered

I was already mad, as you will
see. But they do say that much or
little learning makes men mad.
Whether it is true, intent upon my
purpose, my pursuit, I well re-
member, how carefully each sub-
stance was separated; I well re-
member the analysis of bone; fiber
and tissue, that sometimes took
days, weeks, months; I well re-
member, at last, placing bones,
nerves, fibers, tissue, arteries, all
in their proper position, the form-
ing of artificial corpuscles of
blood, and their correct color.

I remember distinctly of think-
ing that all was in perfect accord;
since not only brain, tissue, fiber,
but such substance as it thought
that mind itself is composed of
had been subject to my analysis. I
remember distinctly of having this
Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

In These Letters To A Soldier

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE

Author Explains Some 'WHYS' and 'WHEREFORES'

In the foxholes at the front, with death on every hand, there is
NO Race, NO Creed, NO Class. All are souls naked before their God.
It is no wonder that our brothers, the fighting men, are trying to solve
the puzzle of their relationship to God and Man.

This is religion, for "RELIGION IS NOT AN INSTITUTION,
CREED, BOOK, DOGMA, THEOLOGY OR CASTE, BUT A WAY OF
LIFE — IN CORRECT RELATION TO GOD AND
OUR FELLOWMEN."



Arthur J.
WILLS

Faced with the prospect of instant transition
from the physical phase of our continuing life to the
spiritual phase, these same men naturally seek to
"ADD TO THEIR FAITH—KNOWLEDGE" of this
next phase of their lives. One writes and asks,
"WHAT IS THE SCUL? HOW IS IT BORN? HOW
MANY PLANES ARE THERE? etc."

These are vital and tremendous questions, open-
ing up a wide field and can only briefly be outlined
in these few short letters. But as they cover so much
ground, their publication may help many other think-
ers and inquirers, unable to find a satisfactory answer
in the teachings of their childhood mentors, for, as
one G. I. JOE put it to his chaplain, "THIS CHRIS-
TIAN RELIGION IS SO DARNED SELFISH." That
is . . . is everyone trying to save . . . HIMSELF?

If such be the case, then it is because the truth
has been jumbled up and buried in the sophistries of
the double tongued casuist. These "good" people are
seeking to "MAKE THE WORSE APPEAR THE BET-
TER PART"; and when we have the woolgathering,
verbal gymnastics of the theologians who even have THEMSELVES
bewildered, and no wonder. So I sincerely trust that these brief letters
may help give a clearer idea of the reality. A. J. W.

FIRST LETTER

Dear Friend:

Dealing with your tremendous and vital problems, the best way
seems to be making a start at the beginning and get first things first,
and "seek after God," the "First Great Cause, least understood" and
work down from that level.

Different men in different ages and under varying conditions, have
accumulated so many different and conflicting ideas, (each claiming the
truth, which being infinite, could not be monopolized and compassed by
one or many small human brains), that we must clear the ground by a
brief glance at the most common (and misleading) of these ideas.

In primitive times, men were too undeveloped and ignorant to
understand the workings of nature around and in them, and fearing the
unknown, as well as the (to them) incomprehensible and awesome
events of life, invented vague invisible beings as dreaded gods, who
were in control of these events.

Furthermore, they sought to propitiate (curry favor with) them by
sacrifices, prayers and sometimes (curiously enough) by threatening
these supposed gods of the storm with flood, accident, illness and death.

Then there arose a class of men, priests, who claimed greater
knowledge than the rest. These "supermen" were looked upon as mes-
sengers, deputies and favorites of the gods, with more or less power to
control them and to grant favors and exemptions to their faithful, credu-
lous followers.

These men (priests) took charge of the sacrifices, for a price and
monopolized the limited knowledge of the gods and all else at the time,
gradually extending their power and exploiting their superstitious and
mystified following with numbers of mechanical and spectacular forms,
ceremonies and beliefs.

Indeed the later priests themselves, actually believed them, having
been caught young and impressed with these ideas before they could
analyze them, and threatened with all sorts of dire spiritual, as well as
physical, pains and penalties if they dared to think and "Seek God, if
haply they might FEEL after Him and find Him, though He be NOT
FAR from each one of us," (as is indeed the case today).

To pass at once to our own times, in which modifications of these
primitive notions still obtain, let us look at the Jewish people, as well as
progress is indicated in the Old Testament. These books were written
by no one knows who, or when, despite the reference to individuals.

For instance in one book, Moses is alleged to give an account of
"his own funeral". They appear to be Jewish versions of ideas and
(Continued on Page 4, Col. 4 & 5)

My visit to

CAMP SILVER BELLE

By JULIETTE EWING PRESSING

Visitors attend Spiritualist Camps during the summer months for various reasons; some to study, some to investigate, some to hear philosophical teachings. The great majority have one thought in mind—to attend demonstrations of physical mediumship.

Qualified Mediums Always Available.

According to the Declaration of Principles adopted by many Spiritualists we affirm *not only* that existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death *but also* that "communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism."

It is only through one's own mediumship or by proof given through a medium that this fact can be established and therefore, in order for the inquirer to obtain such knowledge, it is necessary to know who these mediums are and where they live. Furthermore, it is imperative for the beginner to ascertain what facts and data were established before Spiritualists could make such affirmations.

I've written many reports of seances during the past seven years in an effort to provide "on the spot" reports and information on the activities of all mediums with whom I came in contact.

Guyrah Newkirk

Last year, during the summer months, I visited Camp Silver Belle, Ephrata, Pennsylvania (near Lancaster); Chesterfield Spiritualist Camp, Chesterfield, Indiana (near Anderson) and Brady Lake Spiritualist Camp, Brady Lake, Ohio (near Akron). Of course, the offices of Dale News, Incorporated, home of *Psychic Observer*, are located on the grounds of Lily Dale Assembly, Lily Dale, N. Y. (near Dunkirk) where I have resided since 1937.

At the above mentioned spiritualist camps, I attended numerous services and semi-private seances where nearly all phases of mediumship were demonstrated. Meetings at these four camps are held during July and August and anyone can receive detailed information of their forthcoming activities by writing to the camp secretary.

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NOTED MATERIALIZATION AND DIRECT-VOICE MEDIUM



Psychic Observer

ETHEL POST-PARRISH, secretary of Camp Silver Belle, Ephrata, Pa.; leader of The Institute of Universal Science, 2800 Central Ave., St. Petersburg, Florida.

She is recognized as one of the outstanding physical mediums in the United States.

taries for a 1945 program.

My trips to spiritualist camps began the latter part of June, 1944, and my experiences will be described in a series of articles. Camp Silver Belle was the first on my schedule. Ethel Post-Parrish, the secretary, is, in my opinion, one of America's outstanding materialization mediums and it was at one of her seances that I witnessed some extraordinary evidence.

Stated briefly, this evidence centered around a well-known artist who specializes in oil painting. Her name is Guyrah Newkirk and she lives at Carnegie Hall, New York City.

Positive Evidence

It so happens that many of Miss Newkirk's best paintings have been executed while in the islands of the far Pacific where she spent many years, learning the habits of the people and familiarizing herself with their idiosyncracies. She had spent many months in the Samoan Islands and while there had a native girl, KOLA, serve as her maid.

No one present at this Ethel Post-Parrish materialization seance knew the native dances of those islands; nor did anyone know the names of the people or the places.

After the seance was well under way, a beautiful young girl materialized in a very life-like manner. This spirit girl carried on an intimate conversation with Miss Newkirk, after which she danced her native "Seva Seva."

Kola Proves Identity

I was told that, in this particular native dance, there is a peculiar hand position—one palm up with the other clasped over it—and that this gesture marks the closing of the dance. By adhering in every detail to this routine, KOLA did not fail to register her absolute identity. She not only proved herself through her conversation, but her dance clinched the fact that memory continues after death.

After the seance, Miss Newkirk worked well into the night, reproducing on canvas a memory pic-

ture of this beautiful materialization.

At this same seance, I was impressed by another unusual incident. An exquisitely dressed lady materialized for another member of the seance. This lady was dressed in a beautiful gown which appeared to be made of velvet flowers embossed on taffeta. The unusual feature was that the flowers were in various shapes and colors.

Unique Experience

For those unfamiliar with seance room phenomena of this nature, it is well to point out that most researchers agree that color is rarely reproduced but on this occasion I was privileged to see a variety of vivid color combinations. Just how spirit chemists produce these effects I do not know but what I do know is that, some way, some how, much of the present-day phenomena will be photographed on color film by expert infra-red photographers.

During my stay at Camp Silver Belle, I recall another interesting and unique experience. Harry Gardner, Williamsport, Pennsylvania brought to the camp, a contraption which he said would prove that the voice of a communicating spirit does not emanate directly from the medium's mouth. Some people, you know, insist that because the spirit voice sometimes sounds a bit like the medium, it must be the medium who is doing the talking.

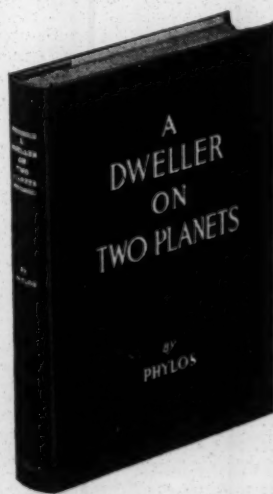
Bertha Eckroad

Mr. Gardner said that, during his early investigations, he was tormented with such absurd ideas. Consequently, he said he had worked out this "box-idea" to prove conclusively that the voice can be and generally is apart from the medium.

Bertha Eckroad, a Silver Belle medium, agreed to work with Mr. Gardner in his experiment with this box which was about eighteen inches square. It was insulated with heavy asbestos with only a small space in the center and was connected with an ordinary office intercommunication device. The conditions set up were the same as any ordinary seance—COMPLETE DARKNESS.

One feature was noticeable, the medium sat a considerable distance from the box, thus making it necessary for the spirit chemists to build the necessary ectoplasmic voice box for producing sound.

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LECTURER—TEACHER—AUTHOR



Psychic Observer

LENA BARNES (JEFTS), Camp Silver Belle; lecturer and teacher; author of a series of pamphlets for students of spiritual philosophy—Questions and Answers on Mediumship, Holy Bible teachings and concise explanatory treatises on The Science, Philosophy and Religion of Modern Spiritualism.

And so, instead of using a trumpet, the sound box was "moulded" inside the heavily insulated box and could not be heard unless the intercommunication instrument was properly connected.

Mr. Gardner, through Mrs. Eckroad's mediumistic power, was able to demonstrate his idea to me and prove conclusively that the spirit voices, in this instance, were definitely apart from the medium. All that any psychic researcher can do is to conduct an experiment, gather his facts and arrive at a conclusion.

The conclusion here is that, in this instance, the voice from spirit was definitely apart from the medium. This does not mean that, in all direct-voice seances such is the case—nor does it mean that all direct-voice mediums could meet such a test but it does mean that A FACT HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED AND RECORDED.

John Reese

This box affair, properly perfected, certainly would be a great boon in the presentation of seance room phenomena. Not to be used in all seances, of course, but to be used occasionally by mediums who desire to assist worthwhile seekers in arriving at definite conclusions in regards to their mediumship.

Furthermore, the use of this box would prevent ignorant accusations being hurled at our top-flight mediums, and its use would also be a means of convincing, once and for all, the rank skeptic who needs such demonstrations to clinch the fact that the medium does not do the talking.

In looking over my notes on my Camp Silver Belle visit last summer, I find that I have recorded the fact that I attended an outstanding seance conducted by John Reese, Boston, Massachusetts and Bertha Eckroad. Many evidential messages were received by various persons in this circle.

Unseen Vibrations

It is interesting to note that during the past seven years of my investigations, it has been customary, especially at camps, for two powerful mediums to work in the same seance. This, I am told, relieves the strain usually experienced when only one medium is used; affording the spirit operators the opportunity to alternate their power, so to speak, by working through one medium and then the other.

This technique also tends to eliminate any disturbing unseen vibrations as well as to reduce the necessity for excessive singing which, at its best, is not always in the right key.

Now about mental mediumship

witnessed. For clear cut straight clairvoyance, Mary Fulton, Daytona Beach, Florida, is an exceptionally well developed psychic. During a solo sitting with her, I received messages from spirit people who manifested to me for the first time. Several names and incidents were related that I had to go back to my childhood days to place the circumstances related by the spirits.

Not So Easy

This was particularly evidential, for you see, many persons have, in the past, come up to me and said: "Oh, Mrs. Pressing, it is easy for any medium to read for you because from time to time, all of your spirit friends and relatives have been mentioned in the *Psychic Observer*." Names are one thing but incidents connected with names—that's something else again.

In regards to the mediumship of Elizabeth Fabian, my experience with her has been that she possesses unusual ability as a direct-voice medium. The trumpet levitated and floated around the room great distances from the medium's body and many of the sitters seemed to receive messages that were evidential. In this seance, I did not receive any evidential communications and hence my own actual experience was not so favorable but just because my spirit friends did not or could not manifest through Mrs. Fabian does not prove she is not a fine instrument.

Raymond Burns

This is a point that should be considered by every investigator of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Very few mediums, if any, are developed to the degree that, through their mediumship, all people can have good results. And this is true, especially in group seances where the psychic battery is comprised of many minds.

Before I left Camp Silver Belle, I had a solo sitting with Raymond Burns, Norfolk, Virginia. It was what is termed an "auric reading" given through the trance mediumship of Mr. Burns by an oriental entity who reads the colors in the

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 2)

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What Religion Means To Me

Knowledge of Survival Should Be Shared.

By AARON JAY SMITH

As a pharmacist's mate in the Navy serving in the Pacific area, I can sincerely say that my religion has brought me closer to God. I have learned that *He* is everywhere. *He* is with your family and your friends. From the remotest and most desolate part of this earth, to the busiest street corner, *He* is found.

Whether one wants *Him* or not, *His* spirit is there with you wherever you might be. *He* knows every thought and feeling in the deepest corner of the heart. Through the inner voice, *His* presence is made known. *His* love is enduring.

Words of Encouragement

When I have been really scared, I knew that God was with me. While I was on a crowded transport in dangerous waters or bandaging someone's cut finger, *He* was near. *He* solved problems for me in the best way and manner. In the darkest hours, I've received strength and courage to carry on my tasks regardless of the hazards confronted.

Because of my knowledge of the truth of everlasting life, I have been able to give a few kind words of encouragement to the bereaved . . . those who have lost buddies in actual combat. I find that when my buddies realize that death is only passing from darkness into light, this thought creates an assurance within them that sometime, somehow they will be reunited with those buddies stricken at their side.

"Count All Your Deeds"

When a person loves his brother, he becomes tolerant. He realizes that he also is under God's watchful eye and care. What a pleasure it is to do some kindness to another one in need.

If all people lived in as close a relationship to each other as the men in some of the outfits I've seen, they would more fully understand each other.

There wouldn't be greed or selfishness, nor would there be wars. Someone said, "Count all your deeds on this earth to be worn as pearls in the hereafter." So, not only are you helping others but also yourself.

I have in mind a person who was disliked very much by his

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HE WROTE THE LETTER



Psychic Observer

AARON JAY SMITH

He never misses an opportunity to spread the truth of Spiritualism.

mates. He wasn't kind or considerate. He wasn't a friend and he didn't have any. When he realized that he couldn't stand alone and get along, he changed. He found, by his decision, that he was very soon blessed with many loyal friends who trusted and loved him.

Live Your Religion

I try to follow the practice of returning unkindness with kindness, selfishness with generosity, and despair with hope and, in so doing I am much happier.

It is my utmost desire to live my religion in such a manner that, even though I may pass this way but once, other people will have the opportunity to feel the happiness I strive to radiate. I know my understanding of survival, and knowledge of the truths of *Spiritualism*, has and will continue to sustain me.

Furthermore, I also know that I must share this knowledge with others and never overlook an opportunity to pass these simple truths along, especially to those who wish to know more about life after "death".

Camp Silver Belle

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 5)

aura. The oriental explains what each color indicates and points out the weak and strong points in the sitter's psychic make-up. It was most interesting and some information was given me whereby I have been able to improve myself.

In a trumpet solo sitting with M. McBride Pantan, Stamford, Connecticut, irrefutable evidence was given. *White Cloud*, Mr. Pantan's principal spirit collaborator, propound sound philosophy which is always worth while.

I did not have private readings with all the Camp Silver Belle mediums; I had sat with many of them before but I recall a splendid address delivered by *Hugh Gordon Burroughs*, Washington, D. C. He is a rapid clairvoyant message bearer as well as an outstanding direct-voice medium.

Camp Silver Belle is located in

A Sailor Corresponds With The Psychic Observer Editor

Since Pearl Harbor, thousands of copies of *PSYCHIC OBSERVER* have been distributed to those fighting on many fronts. Letters of appreciation have been received; some expressing humble opinions on religion, others describing in detail their psychic experiences.

The letter below, written to JULIETTE EWING PRESSING by AARON JAY SMITH, is typical of the intense interest displayed.

HERE'S THE LETTER . . .

Dear Mrs. Pressing:

Your September 9th letter arrived December 5th. It followed me from place to place until it caught up with me at Oahu, T. H. Early in November, I was evacuated by air because of dermititis. Thanks to the cooler weather in Hawaii, I soon became well. I am now awaiting orders for further duty.

Your letter requesting an article about what my religion meant to me was really a challenge because I never have written a thing for publication, so if you use it, I sure will be surprised. However, it came from my heart and, if it isn't quite what you desire, it will be O.K. with me but I want you to know that, at least, I was sincere.

I grew up in what might be called a spiritual atmosphere and always enjoyed having friends who were interested in advanced philosophy. I am twenty-two. My age and birthdate are significant because I was born the second hour of the second day of the second month, and in the twenty-second year. If I had a lucky number, it certainly should be 2, don't you think?

My folks, the *Raymond L. Smiths* (Mother, Vera) of Waukegan, Illinois, at 928 Westmorland Avenue. I am enrolled in the *N.S.A. Correspondence Course* and am deeply indebted to *Rev. Mae M. Taylor* of the *Spiritual Science Church* of Hollywood, California, for the scholarship. Here's wishing you God's richest blessings.

Most cordial greetings,

Aaron Jay Smith, Ph.M., 2nd Class

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Box 92, Lily Dale, N. Y. U. S. A.

Our Spiritual Evolution

Those who lag behind will always attempt to crucify those of larger vision.

By ERNEST OATEN

IN THE upward march of men it is possible to trace certain stages in the evolution of the race. In the development of religion much the same thing obtains.

One fact seems well established. The higher the development of any type of life the more apparent becomes the differences between its individual units.

If I look at a bank of bluebells or even a flock of sheep, they all seem much the same to me, but as I walk through the city I pass thousands of faces—no two of them alike.

The variation is even greater when we consider the human mind. The difficulty of the educationalist is that of providing a form of training which will unfold the maximum of intelligence without frustrating the full expression of individuality in the attempt to attain a common standard. This has often meant the defeat of natural expression by keeping the mind in a rut.

Greater Responsiveness

In religion the same mistaken principle has applied. The great religions have laid down dogmatic systems which it was incumbent on men to follow.

They have endeavored to establish a Royal Road by which alone men should approach God, heedless of the fact that individual minds—by reason of their individuality—cannot think alike or react alike.

It must ever be, in a progressive march that some are pioneers. They reach the mountain top and hail the rising sun of truth, whilst others trudge forward through the valleys. Some, with greater responsiveness to spiritual truth enjoy visions of the city beautiful, whilst others see nothing but the material rocks and stones which bestrew their path.

These become the acclaimed — the advanced guard who signal back to those who tread the long trail in their rear. Such are the world teachers who have stood upon the pinnacle and encouraged and exhorted the common folk both by precept and example. They led the way when others walked in darkness and became revered in consequence.

Humble Channels

But life is progressive—the army marches forward, and in these later days the privilege of the few is becoming the heritage of the many. Religious systems of the past were based upon the revelations of outstanding world teachers whose wider consciousness enabled them to come into contact with a spiritual world.

We owe them a debt. But their attainments must not be regarded as a substitute for personal effort. In these days many have attained a degree of spiritual consciousness which enables them to catch glimpses of a spiritual world.

Today the revelation comes not from a world teacher but through a thousand humble channels, and in consequence we cannot deify the messenger—it is the message that matters. The food of the Gods is being served on plates of earthenware instead of porcelain and any resultant value must be at-

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 5)

An Intellectual Monstrosity

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

form created before my very gaze.

How many years it took to make that automatic representation of a human being you will scarcely believe; but for forty years I had worked upon that alone, after I had studied and studied and studied until I was thirty. This brought me along toward that time when I knew I must leave the human body, when I know it must dissolve.

Fatal Secret of Merlin

Could not I, when my body was worn out, take intelligent possession of the thing that I had fashioned and live in that which was not worn and feeble? Ah! The thought filled me with the greatest exhilaration.

I remembered that in the crucibles of old, in the rare alembic of science, it was supposed the elixir of perpetual youth would be found.

I remembered that many had crossed the ocean at the time of the discovery of this continent to find "the fountain of perpetual youth" that was said to exist in the islands of the western sea.

I remembered that among ancient Magians there was subtle knowledge of all the elements of earth and air and sky, that under transmutation, like the fatal secret of Merlin, one might become immortal on the earth. Ah! Now, I could vie with those fabled gifts of antiquity! Now I would taste that immortality which did not depend upon any fickle deity, but which was my own.

Alone In The Universe

When at last the frame was ready and all the substance was prepared and placed in proper position, I believed I would breathe into that thing the breath of life and it would become a living being. *I breathed—and I went stark mad.*

There was oblivion, for how many years I did not know until I awakened in spirit life. My body? Was it my automatic structure? Passed away, dispersed, the work of a madman. And I; my consciousness—living without the organism of the dust.

Still I could see that I had a form resembling that of my youth; I could see that every fiber responded to my will. But was I alone in all the universe, that I had supposed to be a universe of life? For look in whatsoever direction I would I could not see a world, a star or form of any kind; I could not see the earth. Then

BROADWAY COLUMNIST CITES
HER PSYCHIC ACTIVITIES



Psychic Observer

GRETA GARBO, noted screen actress, has added her name to the long list of screen stars who attend spiritualist seances, according to DANTON WALKER.

Just recently, in his syndicated column "BROADWAY TODAY," Mr. Walker says: "Greta Garbo and her dietician, Gayelord Hauser, have added spiritualistic seances to their chores."

Others known to be intensely interested in psychic manifestations are: Mae West, Tallulah Bankhead, Mary Pickford, Ida Lupino, Adele Rowland Tearle, Mildred Natwick and Paul Lukas.

I was in an absolute void. I only was there.

Suddenly the thing that I had constructed came before me, nodded and then simply reflected me; did and said the things that I thought and said; when I moved that moved; when I bowed that bowed; when I smiled which I did to try to change its mood, that would smile a ghastly smile.

Whatever I did, this thing mocked me. I could not go anywhere, for there seemed to be nowhere to go. I could not get rid of it, because whichever way I turned the image was there.

What I Thought . . .

I saw reflected in that image all my own thoughts; *what I had thought* when I was producing the bony structure that was to make the skeleton; *what I thought* when I had, with my chemical apparatus, lubricated the joints; *what I thought* when I made the fiber that would constitute the nerves; *what I thought* when making the veins and tissues that were to carry the fluid of life throughout the structure, *what I thought* during the whole process of my work upon its creation this thing would reproduce to me.

Then every little while it would burst out saying: *God indeed, as though nature were not sufficient, and man the king of all.*

Then again and again would this image go through with all these thoughts; until I said, "Will

you never cease? Will you never have done? Are you, then, a living thing? And are you and I to be together eternally?"

"Eternally," the thing answered, and mocked me as it answered.

An Intellectual Recap

Then I said, "Will we do nothing but face each other so, and you tell me the things that I told you when I was fashioning you, the things that I talk to you in thought and words, will that go on forever?"

"Forever," said the image.

Then I said, "I am mad, and if my body is dead on earth and the earth is annihilated, I am still mad."

And it said, "Still mad."

Then I thought of all the things that people could ever do to get rid of disagreeable things; of spells, incantations; of the power of will, which Professor Gregory, of the Edinburgh University, had told me was sufficient to control anything, even wild beasts, and I looked that thing in the eye.

Even as I looked, back again was my look reflected, and the image of my thought, and the incantations were reproduced, and all was at naught.

All, Except God, Called

Then I said, "I will bother myself no more, but close my eyes." Close my eyes I did, but there was no such thing as shutting out that object. Still did it haunt me. "I will calculate the distances of the sun, moon and stars; I will tell of their orbits, I will repeat the curriculum of the schools, I will tell of languages, I will repeat all things concerning mathematics, until I weary."

But that thing never deserted me. Whatever I thought, whether I seemed to express it in words or only in my mind with my eyes closed, intent upon shutting it out, still would that horrible thing repeat it.

There was no word of language I had learned in any college course, nothing in any line of human anger, there was no curse or epithet that I did not apply to that thing, but still it repeated each word. I called on all the demons that I could think of, I called on all the powers that I had ever heard of—excepting God.

Could I Be A Spirit?

Unexpectedly the thought came to me, "What if I should say and believe that there is a God, and undo and unthink everything that I had thought? What if I should say, I believe there are souls; and what if I should say, I am spirit, since I seem to have survived whatever was bodily?"

As I thought these thoughts, I said the word "God," half-believing, and the word "soul," with a new kind of feeling already, and the words, "I am spirit," and I saw that thing tremble; I saw it seem to oscillate, and there was something that seemed like dissolution. Would it leave me? Would it depart? "What am I, a living soul, a living spirit within the universe of God?" I believed it.

Then the Crash Came

There was one great, wonderful crash, that sounded to me like the cleaving of the heavens. I had heard many thunder-storms; I had heard Alpine glaciers come crashing down the mountain sides; I had heard the frightful sounds of battle, but I never heard such a sound as that.

When I looked around that thing was gone; there was a vast space like the empyrean filled with stars, below me seemed the earth, around

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 1)

Letter To A Soldier (Continued from Page 1, Col. 4, 5)

beliefs gathered up in the course of centuries and their various captivities in Babylon, Egypt, etc., (together with history, drama, poetry, manners and customs) as shown by archeological remains of these peoples, recorded on clay tiles, walls, etc., the books of these early times.

We read "In the beginning God — with no attempt to define God, and a little further on, 'God made man in HIS OWN Image,' or, as another version has it, 'Let US make man in OUR OWN Image.'"

Naturally undeveloped man assumed literally, from this vague attempt to reach back into the remote 'beginning,' that man was patterned after God, who would then be, to him, an ancient, magnified man, living 'up' there (wherever that might be).

Thus man "made God in his own image" with all the faults, weaknesses and failings of himself, vain, jealous, vengeful; accuser, judge and executioner, etc.; later modified by finer ideals as a father, loving, tolerant, and just; as man himself increased in knowledge adding to and clarifying his credulous faith.

JOSHUA. 10-13. "Is it not written in the Book of Jasher."

2 SAMUEL. 1-13. "Behold is it not written in the Book of Jasher."

The Book of Jasher is not included in the collection of little books known as the Bible. In this book we read, "God created man and made him to be an image of 'HIS OWN ETERNITY'." that is INEFFABLE SPIRIT.

That sublime idea is hard to grasp by the mentality of man generally, warped as it is by the weird and limited ideas thrust upon him in childhood, until after long study and reflection. But it brings us to the vital truth, which men of all ages, all lands and religions, have sought, more or less vainly to reveal.

This insight into the—"Being of God" may be best revealed by quoting from various sources:

"God is best known by NOT knowing him."

AUGUSTINE.

"God is not to be thought of as a physical being, or as having any kind of body. He is pure being. He moves and acts without needing any corporeal space, size, form or color, or any other property of matter."

ORIGEN, 254, A. D.

"He who attempts to define God is as foolish as he who denies Him."

"Thou art the self and what, thou art I am." "Even devotees of other Gods, 'who worship with true devotion,' in ignorance worship Me."

HINDU.

"Lord, Thou art One, but MANY are Thy manifestations. Wherever I look there is Thy dwelling place."

"The source and root of all is One. From this self-existent Unity all else proceeds."

CHINESE.

"Amon-Ra is called the God who cometh to the silent, and 'is not confined to the select few,' nor to the 'educated priestly communities,' but COMES TO THE HUMBLEST."

EGYPTIAN, 2700 B. C.

"God is Spirit" (not a spirit, one of many, limited), "and they that worship" (not worship HIM, a limited being) "must worship 'IN SPIRIT' and in TRUTH."

"That somewhat which we name, but 'cannot know,'

E'en as we name a star and only see,

Its ceaseless flashings forth, which 'ever show,'

And 'ever hide Him' and which 'is not He'."

Not a limited Spirit, one among many, but the totality of Spirit, INEFFABLE, "and they that worship," not with words, forms and ceremonies, but "IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH," aspiring, yearning, reaching out to the highest within himself, for, "Ye are the Temple of God and the Spirit of God dwelleth 'IN YOU'."

Various called God, Allah, Jehovah, Amon-Ra, Brahma, etc.; that primary essence (of which nothing can be predicated) of an ever-becoming Universe, and of which we come to a knowledge only through manifestations, physical and spiritual.

Names, such as "Father"; Symbols, such as "Sun"; Attributes, such as "Omniscience"; Qualities, such as "Righteousness"; all tend to become confused with, and mistaken for, the reality, INEFFABLE SPIRIT, which, "transcending," as well as being "immanent in" the universe (not a limited person) is beyond all finite mind or intelligence to comprehend.

God, the "Nameless One of a thousand Names," can only come within man's knowledge through the manifestations of INEFFABLE SPIRIT in the infinite Universe, known and unknown. All we can grasp is the fact that "GOD IS".

"To them that ask thee, where hast thou seen the Gods (spirits), or how knowest thou certainly that there be Gods, that thou art so devout in their worship? I answer first of all, that even to the very eye they are in some manner visible and apparent. Secondly, neither have I seen mine own soul and yet I respect and honor it. So then for the Gods: by the daily experience that I have of their powers and providence towards myself and others, I know certainly that they ARE: and therefore I worship them."

MARCUS AURELIUS, 170 A. D.

In our next letter, we shall try to "sense" God in man, as in the rest of our Universe.

"I searched within my heart and found Him—THERE."

Your fellow seeker,

William Wells

(To be continued.)

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An Intellectual Monstrosity

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

me were beings like myself. They seemed kind, and there were others seemingly far off, but all more or less beautiful.

I stood amazed, since I am to have no part nor parcel in their existence. They moved to and fro, evidently intent on doing some work or mission. As far as my eyes could see there were these beings passing to and fro. Some visited the earth and brought seemingly, spirits from the earth with them.

Paid Him No Attention

No one noticed me, I was still alone. I called to them but they made no answer. I used all the force and persuasion at my command, but they replied not.

I thought, "Well, this is better than that horrible thing that has departed from me; but shall I be alone in the midst of all these people? Will they not discover or pay any attention to me?"

I did not seem to have power to move, although I did not stand upon the earth, nor could I perceive that I stood upon anything, but I was alone.

Then I began to think: "How would it be to enquire for companionship?" I who had been alone with my thoughts, with my images, with my ideas, with my science and with my constructions? I who had been alone for years upon the earth, thinking of nothing but this thing, that finally I hoped had gone from me forever, gone along with all whom I had ever known or cared for as a child.

A Little Child Shall Lead

I remembered my mother, but I simply had not thought of her for years.

Suddenly, as a sunbeam comes out of the sky when the clouds are parted in a rainy day, a little girl stood beside me. I recalled that she was the only being whom I had ever cared for.

That once, when I was a young man pursuing my studies, this little child had been in danger; I had snatched her from in front of a runaway team, and then passed on my way.

The next day she stood beside me as I passed that way to my studies, and gave me a flower; and every day for many weeks she stood there, and her face haunted me for some time. Then I grew so hard and callous, pursuing my themes, that I forgot her. But here she was with a flower.

Mind Eclipsed By Darkness

I seized that flower as though it were a part of life, as though it were the one thing in all the universe that I had been seeking, as though suns, planets and moons had been studied for the purpose of finding that flower, as though nature had been for years resolved in my crucibles for the purpose of finding that blossom, and I studied it.

As I looked at her, instead of a child she grew to womanhood right before my gaze. She remained looking at me and saying: "I have always thought of you as my benefactor, and when at last I died—for I did die on

LONG ISLAND MEDIUM



Psychic Observer

REV. WILLIAM SKIDMORE, physical and mental medium, 91-27 107th St., Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.; Pastor of The Church of Eternal Light, 9050 170th St., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., conducting services every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 2 and 8 P. M.

Rev. Skidmore was the principal message bearer following JULIETTE EWING PRESSING's recent lecture at The Spiritual and Ethical Society in The Astor Hotel, N. Y. C.

earth, but I am still living—I went to you, but you were alone and you were so intent upon something that I could not understand, and that finally seemed so horrible to me that I could not stay, and never in all the years that you were here did I fail to go sometimes, to see if you had changed.

"When, finally, that great darkness came upon you that eclipsed your mind, I ministered to you then; but you did not know what was passing in either world. Now," she said, "that you have rid yourself of that thing that you created, which was you, your image, your mind, your thought, your intelligence, what will you do?"

Law of Intelligence

I put out my hand, and she took it. I seemed, compared to her, like a child. I said, "I am a babe. I do not know what world I am in. I do not know who these are, these beings. I have no belongings, I know nothing, will you teach me?"

She said: "Do you see a shadow yonder?"

"Yes."

"That is the earth; there we must go; because, first you have become as a child and your first duty must be to minister to others."

"But how can I minister to others? My knowledge is an empty dream; all my analysis of substance has vanished, but you come to me in the beauty of your immortal life and I have nothing to give to my fellow-beings."

"Give," she said, "of your experience; tell them what a flimsy fabric of the mind you created; tell them how every law of life is governed by intelligence, as the source of law; tell them there is no structure, not even as the smallest cloud, that is not influenced by that law of intelligence; tell them that you, though a monster you were of intellect, have no life now but the life of the spirit. For now you stand upon the other side of substance and you can disperse it."

"You talk about analysis and experiment in the crucible of sci-

ence, one breath from the spirit can disperse all substance; you talk about the laws and unfailing properties of nature; on the physical side of life it is so, though they are but manifestations of the spirit. That image that you fashioned could have no soul, and your soul was shadowed in the attempt to make it.

"So," she said to me, "your first ministration is to stand by the bar of justice and confess your error. Say to those people who dwell upon the earth, that not only pride, and the power of intellect that knows all the mechanism of the human structure, but that naught of human analysis can stand for one instant before the light of the spirit."

Physical Mediumship on Earth

She took me to earth; she took me to a wonderful place; there were a number of people there, and some one, whom she called a "medium" was there, and that medium was holding a seance.

I saw learned men in the audience, with intellects like mine, who did not believe in God or spirits, nor anything but law.

I saw in the presence of the medium spirits came, they were not those especially endowed with intellect, but they seemed to have power over substance, they moved the substance of the room, they moved the physical hand of the medium, they wrote messages, they made music upon a closed piano, from that realm of manifestation they came and dispersed the lineaments of the medium, dispersed the organic nature and substance of things and passed them through other substances and they came through substance.

Use Sympathy of Love

I said to her, "You do something."

She said, "I will, if there is some one there whom I love. That is the great force by which they act, and if there were no such attraction I could not go."

She surrounded the medium with a most perfect aura of light, unlike anything in stars or worlds I had ever seen, then out of that aura projected an image like herself and appeared in the center of the room and the people there all saw it, but they did not see her whom I saw, and I said, "This is marvelous, since you know nothing of chemistry or the laws of physical life."

"But," she said, "there is no chemistry, the sympathy of love is what I use, and by the sympathy of my mother, who sits in that room I can go. She is now feeble and aged, but she understands me, and I can go to her."

Great Message of Life

Then it seemed as though the mother broke the silence with prayer and praise to the Infinite for this message of life that had come to bear her on in her declining years.

Then another and another came. I saw with the most ravishing insight, that every law that I had studied from the human side had its inverse action in the spirit: That mind governed, that intelligence governed only by the power of affection, and that philanthropists and those interested in human welfare, interested in their fellow-beings, were the ones who came to subject and to act upon substance through mediums.

So I began to study this great message of life, and then my friend and monitor told me:

"If you would give that which is of most value to the human race, give your experience in human life and how you awoke to a spirit existence, of your own creation, and of having nothing there but the image you had fashioned

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in your arrogance and pride."

Then I said, "I will, but let me be a little stronger, let my knowledge of spirit existence grow, until I am sure of my true position."

Limitless Force of Spirit

Then led on and on, I perceived how the great forces of nature bend to the limitless force and behest of the spirit; how healing, and the gift of tongues, and the working of wonders were from within instead of from without, and the great life of the universe trembled in balance only by the power of Infinite will and guidance; that, like the engine, which has no power of motion in itself, though constructed for speed, unless guided by the engineer who knows and understands, so worlds, systems and suns are all guided and governed by the matchless power of intelligence; law pervaded by all intelligence.

At the Feet of a Child

Oh! at the feet of a child I learned wisdom and, at last, from the great voices of those beyond and above, from those finally who gathered around me, friends and companions of my childhood and youth, and from the love of that mother whom I had forgotten for all the years of my earthly manhood I received the lesson of spirit life and love.

Now you ask me, what element and force is most potent in the realm of the universe and can best solve the problems of life, can best decide what is immortal, can best make up the substance and sum-total, I will tell you: It is the element of that Love that works in and through all things, bending substance to its divine mandates, and turns the spirit that has been hidden by external intellect unto the light of the soul.

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Miraculous Healing of

JOE E. BROWN

By CONSTANCE PALMER

JOE E. BROWN limped slowly down the length of the hospital hut, somewhere in the South Pacific.

He had gone on his trips to entertain the boys—first to Alaska and the Aleutians and then to the Solomon Islands and Australia. The only difference was that the second trip—the one to the Solomons—he and his wife, Kathryn, dedicated to their son, Don, who died in an airplane crash when he was training in California.

In the living room of his home in Brentwood there is a glass case with the simple placard, "Captain Brown," and in it are the Bible and insignia that belonged to his son.

"A person finds out a lot of things about himself in a stock like that," he said, "in one moment his life is changed. A mother's life is changed too. Today's parents, thousands of them, alas, must get such news, get it, take it, and see what they're going to do about it. And then slowly, in the days and weeks that come after, there's readjustment and a clearing up of values."

Why Some Go to Church

Joe doesn't go to any one church; he goes to all of them. He finds something in every religion that helps him. He has a sublime faith in the Supreme Being. Yet he never expected this faith to be paid off to him as it was.

"I don't believe in preachers reading prayers out of books when they don't actually feel deep in themselves what they are saying," he says, "Lots of people just go to church to be seen and get credit from other people for going. Lots of them go there to sleep."

"You can worship God in a green field or a factory or in your own kitchen, doing things of service to others, as well as you can in a church. I believe there is too much mystery about religion. I believe that God is love and without love you haven't anything."

When Joe went on the trip to the Solomons, he was a sick man, suffering mentally, suffering physically the excruciating pain from sciatica. Arthritis had so crippled him that one leg was definitely shorter than the other, and he hasn't walked without a cane for more than two years.

Joe Tried Everything

On the plane taking him to Hawaii there were no blankets, and by the time they got to Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands, he was so ill he had to be carried to the hospital.

Days he spent entertaining the boys on Oahu and other islands in the group, and nights in any hospital he could find.

"I took every kind of heat treatment they'd give me and stayed right in there batting, with two strikes on me every time I went up to the plate."

Just as in Alaska and the Aleutians, Joe found the boys on Rabaul, Tulagi and the other islands literally with nothing in the way of entertainment.

They had been actually carried away from civilization and everything to which they had been accustomed. They had been set down in a primitive life, tropic, strange and lonely. They were entirely dependent upon each other for any meager entertainment.

But out of that loneliness and (Continued Page 12, Col. 4)

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(P-154-159)

Is there a MEDIUMISTIC TYPE?

The best way to tell a medium is to actually see one function.

Results Obtained Under Various Circumstances

By HORACE LEAF, F.R.G.S.

Ever since the classical period of *Ancient Greece* there has been a tendency to regard people as falling into definite physiological types, corresponding with their mental, moral, religious and temperamental peculiarities.

Phrenologists, who were quite a vogue fifty years ago, ventured to depict the different types, whilst *Cesare Lombroso*, the famous alienist, strengthened the idea by maintaining that there is a "criminal type."

The Greek contention was that the distinctions were mainly temperamental, and classified them as follows: the phlegmatic or slow and emotional temperament; the sanguine, or quick, optimistic, hopeful and cheerful; the melancholic, or sluggish, depressed and pessimistic; and the choleric, whose principal distinction appears to have been regarded as quick to anger.

Our Physiognomy

None of these temperaments were to be found absolutely pure, the individual being classified according to the predominance of one trait over the others. In the event of one being extremely predominant the individual tended to become abnormal, and in some instances would have been regarded as insane.

Modern psychologists have found little cause for disputing this old classification, but have added to them perhaps two other types, namely, the nervous and the artistic. It would not be difficult to show that these are but modifications of the Greek system.

As a person's disposition and temperament is naturally reflected in his physiognomy, it is natural that people should believe that the entire physical organism may be affected, and consequently produce physical types.

It was, however, a bold stroke which made the phrenologists define these physical types so definitely that one would suppose they are easily distinguishable. This, nevertheless, is not the case.

Jekyll and Hyde

The fact that every normal person has an intermixture of these temperaments gives rise to a well-known complication: temperament varies with each person according to circumstances.

There are periods when even the natural pessimist must feel more cheerful than is his wont; and there are times when the optimist must view fate as unkind and the prospect with decided depression. In this respect, nearly everyone is something of a *Jekyll and Hyde*.

The most devoted and happy husband and father, a model of homely cheerfulness and engaging optimism, may be the reverse when shut up in his office, where the cares and worries of business sit heavily upon his shoulders. The public are occasionally treated to the surprising fact that the kindest of men to his own, may not hesitate to treat with abominable cruelty someone who is not of his own flesh and blood. Curiously, this paradox may rise from his

desire to benefit those for whom he most cares.

No one would have suspected the reverse characteristic as being outstanding elsewhere, and since he may show other characteristics under other conditions, who shall say which is his normal temperament and to which type he really belongs?

Are You the Type?

All these changes must modify his physiognomy, with the result that the average person presents a misleading facial and bodily appearance. One refers to "bodily appearance" only out of respect for those who insist that here too is written the story of each individual's inner-self.

Who can be sure that a small man is conceited and choleric or that a tall one is modest and phlegmatic, or that a stout person is the embodiment of cheerfulness and a thin one a bundle of irritability? The most pleasantly self-centered man I ever met was tall, muscular and careless.

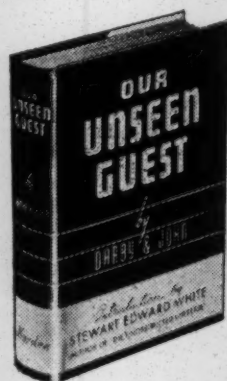
The shortest may be content to regard his physical disadvantages as a joke rather than a misfortune. With all respect to the general who preferred to be surrounded by fat men because of their cheerfulness, one sometimes meets them as unpleasant as they are heavy.

Of all types the military would be difficult to beat for definition, yet one has only to gaze at the pictures of recognized geniuses of this profession to realize how impossible it is to regard them as falling into a temperamental or physical class.

Frederick the Great was described as "an old grouch" and was small of stature; *Wellington*, an aristocrat to his finger tips, looks the picture of the hard-hearted man that he was, careless in the extreme for other people's feelings, taking all the praise that he could to himself, and regarding and treating his troops as "scum"; *Bernadotte* "resembles a pirate king"; *Grouchy* would have passed for a comedian; *Marshall Saxe* looked like a country squire; and who would have suspected



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Data for Book Received from Spirit Entities

Reading Spiritualists are familiar with the spirit guidance received by William T. Stead, William James, James Hyslop, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and others. There is another noted Psychic Researcher who was greatly helped by mediums in assembling data for publication.

The researcher's name is the late Dr. John S. King, who was, for over 40 years, a practicing physician in Toronto, Canada. The trance medium's name is Rev. E. M. Whitney, who now resides at 225 Plant Ave., Tampa, Florida.

Dr. King was born in 1843. His father was a Presbyterian minister, his mother an Empire Royalist. At an early age, he became intensely interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism, so much so that he founded and directed the *Toronto Psychic Research Society*.

Meticulous Investigator

Dr. King was very meticulous in his investigations. Stenographers were engaged to take down verbatim accounts of each seance and this data was expertly transcribed . . . then notorized and filed.

According to Rev. Whitney, much of the data contained in his

that *Lord Nelson* was the embodiment of courage and naval skill?

The fact is, it is easier to tell a bishop by his leggings than by his face or stature. In round terms, there are no definite types for the average profession. Nature has so disguised our temperaments that we can only speak of people as we find them, that is, by their behavior.

All this applies to mediumship. More than any other class or type, mediums are perplexingly mixed, and may be good or bad whether choleric, phlegmatic, sanguine, nervous, artistic, or melancholic. "Salt" of Their Profession

It is a condition of the soul rather than a condition of the temperament or body, and, in the end, we may find that everyone is mediumistically endowed, even those whose presence in the seance-room adversely affects the "conditions." With some other medium they might prove helpful.

I have met hundreds of well-developed mediums, many of them the "salt" of their profession, and if one had attempted to prognosticate their appearance before meeting them, the chances are that foretelling would have had a bad set-back.

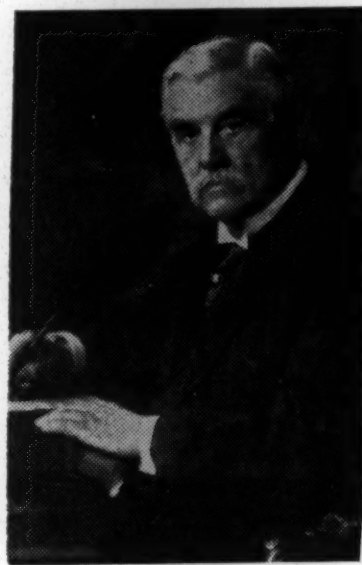
They are tall and short, thin and fat, dark and fair, young and old, good-tempered and bad-tempered, modest and egotistical, although the great majority fall indisputably into the last class. They are moral, immoral, and unmoral, educated and ignorant, well and ill, and in the demonstrations of their gifts, good and bad.

Some get results when they have a full stomach, others don't; some are aided by stimulants, others retarded, most function best when in good health, but occasionally one is met who has the misfortune to get the best results when physically unwell.

Some are tremendously imaginative, whilst others are so much the reverse that they doubt what they psychically experience. Some are timid, others bold, and so on.

The best way to tell a medium is to actually see one function, the rest goes by chance.

HE KNEW THE TRUTH



DR. JOHN S. KING

book "The Dawn of The Awakened Mind" was obtained in the seance room by Dr. King, who also admits receiving detailed instruction from his own spirit collaborators.

Not only did Rev. Whitney have an opportunity to serve as one of Dr. King's mediums but she also had the opportunity to meet personally all of the other mediums who collaborated with him in accumulating data for his book.

Dr. King reached his final conclusion in 1913. They were first made public verbally in Toronto and then, seven years later, the book was published.

TROY JUDGE UPHOLDS NEWSPAPER'S RIGHT TO EDIT ADVERTISEMENTS

Should advertisements be edited?

This has always been a most difficult problem for any newspaper or journal. The great bulk of newspapers do their best to obey the law and keep within their proper fields but they are sometimes approached by persons desiring ads of a questionable nature.

In Troy, N. Y., according to *Associated Press*, Supreme Court Justice William H. Murray dismissed an injunction suit recently in favor of the *New York Times*, when they chose to either delete or refuse a certain advertisement. The Judge said a publisher has the right to deal with whom he pleases since a newspaper is essentially a private business.

This decision should serve not only as an explanation but also

as a reminder that the editors of *Psychic Observer* reserve this same right. In the past 12 months, *Psychic Observer* has refused numerous ads when the submitted copy does not comply with our policy. The editors of this journal are not infallible, possibly some of the advertisements refused were authentic or at least in good faith, but when there has been one iota of doubt, remittances have been returned with a letter of explanation.

Our Spiritual Evolution

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 5)

tached to the food—not to the platter.

To the theological mind the change is shocking—but if we view the stage of the world today, after thousands of years of dogmatic teaching who shall say that a change of method is not needed?

Hitherto we have depended upon the teachings of the illuminated few for the conduct of life. I believe that the only cure for present ills is the awakening of the spiritual consciousness of the masses.

There Must Be Vision

People will only refrain from lying, cheating, stealing and black market practices when they become sufficiently awakened to know that by such conduct they injure their fellows, retard their own growth and spread discord rather than harmony amongst their neighbors.

Telling them of their sinfulness is no remedy; an awakened spiritual consciousness is the key to the problem.

One of the aims of Spiritualism is to enable every individual to establish a personal sense of his relationship to a spiritual world, and this will be attained by evolutionary means through the expansion of the consciousness.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish," and it is not sufficient for the few to attain the hill of vision; the ascent must be made by the whole race.

This would inevitably mean the breaking down of all artificial barriers between the sacred and secular. Religion and life, so long divorced, would become one.

Freedom of Expression

Every effort has been made and will be made, but a materially minded world to prevent men becoming sufficiently illuminated to conform to established customs; to crush independence, in the interests of obedience to and conformity with the artificial standards of a set system.

We have seen the failure of such system in Germany and we must be alert to insist that similar systems are not established in this country whether by the ecclesiastic, the lawyer, the doctor, or the Government.

Man is an individual. His future consists in freedom of self-expression under the direction of an awakened consciousness of spiritual values. Those who lag behind will always attempt to crucify those of larger vision.

But the race is awakening. There is the reinforcing power of a spiritual world behind life, and as men become more and more aware of that fact so life will become more interesting, more co-operative, and more spiritual.

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Joy In Life

THE QUESTION

If God's Purpose is for man to enjoy the universe, and particularly this world, why is man obliged to endure so much pain and suffering?

THE ANSWER

These things are NOT God's choice. They come about when man breaks the law of LOVE, which includes Unity, Justice, Mercy and Peace. Love is the fulfillment of the Law.

So-called ancient mysteries WILL return when man ceases to scoff at communion between spirit and mortal.

By
WHITE EAGLE

Your soul aspires to that which lies beyond material life. You search for truth and for the gift which is your birthright, the gift which God placed in the heart of every child He created; *this gift is happiness.*

It is true that you have not known much happiness of late because the world has been rent asunder with cruelty. Yet you will agree that in spite of the conflict between nations there still remains something most beautiful in the human heart. *What is it? Is it something dependent upon material conditions and gratified only by selfish pleasure?*

No; this deep-rooted wisdom which comes in all manner of trivial human experiences, and those greater experiences such as love, reunion, and even parting, is beyond and transcends self.

Divine Intelligence

(True, a parting can bring sorrow and perhaps bitterness, but it can also contain a tenderness and beauty which can prove an actual happiness if the spirit of God lies deep within the heart).

You can still enjoy the beauties of the countryside—possibly even see those beauties as you fly through the air in an aeroplane. Then you will know something of the glory of space and the wonder of its freedom.

You may have felt the grandeur of the power which some call Nature, forgetting that behind Nature is ever a controlling force, the *Divine Intelligence*.

You may have stood alone and watched the incessant motion and rhythm of the sea, have seen the moon shining over a dark ocean. The only way you could express your emotion was by saying, "*How glorious!*"

You may have walked across some rolling downs and felt the fresh air buffeting you; you have braced yourself to meet the challenge and walked in rhythm with it, saying, "*How glorious is this!*"

Your Heart Is Stirred

Such manifestations of love and beauty come to man through the action of nature; but behind the natural forces is something intangible, indescribable and inexplicable which can touch your heart and make you feel the thrill of God's life, a deep glory of the spirit which is love, which is God. Indeed, God is the law of all life and the fulfilling of that law is Love.

You have stood, perhaps, under the skies on a beautiful starlit night, particularly if you have been in a land of the south where there is greater glory in the starlight.

You have looked up into the

the lust for blood, the capacity to inflict hurt on others.

We answer that these things are not God's choice. They come about when man breaks the law of love, which includes unity, justice, mercy, peace. Love is the fulfilling of the law.

If this is so, how is it then that the innocent suffer? And what have you yourselves done to cause the suffering of the present time, and how is it that a God of love allows suffering when man is ignorant of its cause?

Is man so altogether ignorant? We doubt it. God has implanted in every human soul the aspiration to all good. God has also implanted in the human soul something which is called the "power-complex," or sometimes the "self-complex."

What Is Your Policy?

Although man feels in his heart that he should be loving and giving, he finds some excuse for not fulfilling that urge and for seeking to attain power to dominate other people. Love or Power—these two aspects are implanted in the earthly man, who has the free-will to respond either to the selfless or to the selfish urge. To respond to the selfless urge he will need a long viewpoint; if he is short-sighted his response is to the selfish.

Here is another aspect of our subject. Those people who are wilfully inflicting pain on others today will at some time have to face the consequences of their breaking the law of God. You are told that every soul has to be judged before God.

That is not palatable, and many people put it away, particularly today. Their policy is to eat, drink and be merry and selfish and let tomorrow take care of itself. But, you see, tomorrow has always to be faced. It may not come in

FIRST SPIRITUALIST CHURCH—PATERSON, N.J.



REV. EMILY H. HEWITT (above) Pastor of The First Spiritualist Church (right) corner of Broadway and Summer St., Paterson, New Jersey. This church, organized over 57 years ago, formerly held services at 142 Carroll St., before moving to the above address. It is the oldest church of its denomination in New Jersey. Rev. Hewitt is a lecturer, teacher and medium; she is assisted by Howard J. Hewitt, head of the Finance Committee.



twelve hours' time—it may not come in a century — but it will certainly come.

This universe is created and governed by a law which is exact, perfect and true. It takes its toll. Therefore, knowing this, the soul can act lovingly and in a God-like manner and remain perfectly tranquil within; for if the act is true and law-abiding there is nothing to fear, but everything for the soul to be happy about. Such a soul is fulfilling the purpose of its creation.

God created man to be law-abiding and to know happiness. When there is unhappiness and in-harmony, such as pain of the body, suffering, it comes for a wise purpose; and again the soul should accept these happenings knowing that God is working a purpose out.

Your Higher Self

Every soul will have to come before God and be judged by God. Who is God? Where shall we meet and be judged by God?

My brethren, God cannot be represented (as of old) as an old gentleman sitting in judgment like a Pharaoh on his throne; but in the esoteric sense God is represented as seated within the lotus of the heart center. God dwells in man, and man will have to face himself and see himself as he truly is. He will then be judged by himself—his *higher self*. This is what is meant by the soul coming before his judge, or being judged by his God.

In the ancient mysteries the soul was brought face to face with a looking glass. This was symbolical of the judgment of the soul. The candidate for initiation must look in the mirror and see his

reflection—that was his judgment. "*Vengeance is Mine, I will repay,*" saith the Lord.

We are not forced so to exert our power over another soul as to make it suffer. If we do, we shall ourselves suffer in exactly the same way. So the sooner we learn to contain ourselves with tranquility and inward peace, and send forth to our brother man love in thought and endeavor and action, the sooner we shall know the gift of God, which is all happiness.

Karma of the Past

What a different place the world would be then! But even now you have no need to worry about the other man. All your care must be to express the divine qualities yourself. Then you are fulfilling the law. You are helping your brother man. You have no need to fear anything.

This is the beginning of the age of *Aquarius*, the age of spirit, the age when there is to be an outpouring of light from the heavens upon the earth. You are preparing in these years of bitterness for the advent of the *World Teacher*. That is a wonderful thought, a wonderful truth.

When you are tempted to look with pessimism upon the world, remember that the world is facing its karma of the past. It must make payment for past debts. By so doing it is cleansing, purifying itself in readiness to receive the great outpouring, the coming to earth of a number of advanced souls which will bring a happiness which is to bless the generations to come.

The Armor of Light

At all events you will share wonderful blessings of the Christ love, the Christ light, which is so near — the Birth of which is at hand—the coming of the World Teacher and his disciples and apostles. The world will be blessed and beautiful, for men will walk and talk with angels and with those beyond the veil.

There will be no more scoffing at communion between spirit and mortal. The ancient mysteries will return to this land. A very wonderful and glorious time will bless its people, and the people of other lands also.

In the words of St. Paul, "*Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light,*" that we may be prepared to come face to face with joy and happiness, and in reality meet the spirit of our God.

May the Great Spirit, the infinite and glorious Spirit, Father-Mother and Son, bless you individually and raise you into the realms of happiness and peace.

— 1945 — LILY DALE ASSEMBLY

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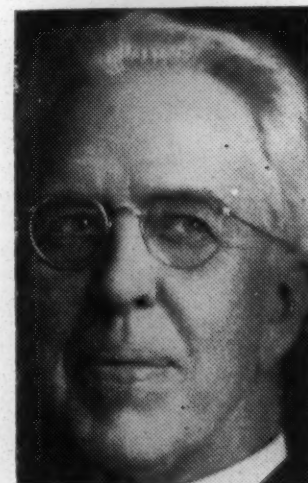
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(P-164)

THE BROWNS CELEBRATE IN NEW YORK CITY



"World Wide Photo"

With his familiar grin, matched by her, Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown celebrate her birthday at New York City's "Stork Club." The movie comedian has traveled thousands of miles for the USO, entertaining soldiers.

I Don't Believe Dying Is Death

By Mrs. Joe E. Brown

"Don's Spirit Helped Joe Carry On"

I firmly believe that life or good never die. When the War Department informed my husband and me that our son, Don, a 25-year-old captain in the Ferry Command, was dead, we comforted ourselves with the belief that dying is not death.

Some people say I've taken his death very bravely, but I credit my years as a trained nurse and the other years of living with my family for giving me the strength and wisdom to meet that moment. At first you are so busy with your grief and physical loss that you can't see reasons for things, but I never once asked, "Why did it happen to me?" or "Why am I being punished?" I don't think such things. Don's passing was foreordained, and I've come to look upon it as a termination that was destined to be complete at 25 instead of 75.

A motion picture, "The Human Comedy," gave me additional understanding. It's something I've been trying to explain to my friend—that you can't run away from death. I don't think you can hide from someone who belonged to you. That's my temperament.

GOOD Cannot Die

Perhaps I don't have the same problems as someone else who has lost a beloved son, husband, brother or sweetheart. I didn't have his room to break up, although I wished I did. I would have liked something of his to hold onto. Despite the tears that accompany grief, memory is a ticklish thing. You need memories. If you have them, one day you find that you aren't crying any more.

That's the one thought in "The Human Comedy" which hit me—that anything good can't die. Whatever the thought, deed, action, it's still there. Someone reminds you of a favorite place you both frequented. A new dress will recall a good time shared. A book, a spoken word, all restore memories.

Some people criticized me because I wore mourning. I didn't do it as a sign of grief. I did it as a protection, because people try to make you forget, and I wasn't trying to forget. I wanted to remember—not Don's death, but his

life—and in wearing black they couldn't force me to do empty things that would make him seem less alive to me.

The greatest treasures in life are children, and Joe has often said that if he never had anything to be famous for, he would have our boys and girls. Although Don and his father were unusually close, possibly because Don was our first-born, it was during the summer and fall of 1942 that he seemed to reach out to all of us more than ever before.

Don's Premonition

During that time, while Joe was playing in the stage production of "The Show Off," Don telephoned from Palm Springs whenever he had a free moment. When the show reached Detroit, he traveled all the miles between, just to be with his father during an unexpected furlough.

We at home were constantly showered with mail and gifts, Don never forgetting his two little sisters or myself, and always adding a note to his younger brother, Joe, who had just been married. It was almost as though Don had a premonition of his passing and wanted to cram all he could into a short time, because on October 8th, his bomber crashed.

In Don, there was someone who might have been spoiled, but never was. Like any typical mother, I say this was due to his natural sweetness of character and to following his father's splendid example.

From the time they were very young, I encouraged both our sons to turn to their father for sturdier development of their bodies and minds. Joe was better than I at heart-to-heart talks, and when Don and he would argue, I smiled at their eagerness. It was difficult to tell who was father, who was son, because Joe always met each boy on his own ground.

Don's Spirit With Joe

He taught them to believe that their bodies were like shrines and he helped them go all out to keep fit physically. Joe took delight in teaching young Joe and Don to play the many sports at which they later excelled on the athletic field. When Don was on his college football team, Joe often put aside his own work for the companionship of tagging along on the tours.

When Don was 18, our birthday gift to him was complete financial and personal independence, because we knew he had the necessary poise and mental assurance to warrant this. When he enlisted, ours were the usual fears of parents when a son goes off to war.

He even put off his marriage for

the time being, feeling that if anything happened, it would be easier, for a fiancée than a wife to make a new life for herself. And because they loved each other, his sweetheart agreed.

People wondered why Don's father went on a USO tour so soon after our son died. He did it because of Don. Don's dream had been to ferry a ship back and forth from Australia, so Joe, in going to that spot to entertain the boys, felt he was keeping that dream alive. In all of Joe's trips, he had the feeling that Don was along with him.

All Die to Prayer

He must have been because the most miraculous things happened. A jeep skidding towards a stone wall and certain destruction suddenly stopped. The night Joe left for the South Pacific and had to turn back, there were three accidents, but nobody in his group was hurt.

At times when younger men might have faltered, Don's spirit helped Joe to go on. On his first trip, he had sciatica so bad that he knelt and prayed for courage to continue every time they came to church. The sciatica left as suddenly as it came, and Joe says it was due to the momentum of prayers set in force by me and our friends for Don and himself. That's why Joe will continue to travel, so long as other boys need him. He feels that doing things for boys like Don will help keep Don with him in memory.

We all have some loss that befalls us and often leaves us sickened to the soul by the sense of our own bereavement, but is it so hard, after the first bad shock, to believe that it isn't you who are being picked on? That nobody is being picked on and that it is God's Will? If you know the Bible at all, you must believe that this life isn't all there is to existence. If you haven't faith to believe that life never stops, then there is no use believing in anything. Thanks to my husband, my children, and our life together, I have that faith.

Re-Printed from True Confessions, A Fawcett Publication — January 1945 Edition.

IT WAS GOD'S WILL



"World Wide Photo"

CAPT. DON. E. BROWN (above), 25, son of Actor Joe E. Brown, was killed Oct. 8, 1944, in the crash of an Army bomber near Palm Springs, Calif. The Army Ferrying Command said Captain Brown was on a routine flight from Long Beach, Calif., air base, to Utah when the crash occurred. Brown had just been promoted to a captaincy, after having been commissioned a second lieutenant in the air forces, July, 1941.

Miraculous Healing of JOE E. BROWN

(Continued from Page 9, Col. 5)

often frightening strangeness. Joe found that they had developed strength and self-reliance. He found it true that there are no atheists in foxholes.

Those boys, many of them little more than children when they went into the service, were now always ready to joke and wise-crack in the palm-thatched hospitals. Yet when the Padre came to talk with them and to pray, they joined him gladly, and they were not ashamed to be seen reading their Bibles.

"I learned to lose fear after I'd talked to them," Joe said. "In fact,

I found I just didn't have any fear. The doctors and nurses told me I'd better not go into the wards where the boys with contagious diseases were, but I never thought of not going. I shook hands with them and cheered them up just the way I did the wounded boys.

Not a Miracle

"The injections didn't get me. No illness attacked me and that's the way it was meant to be."

Thus through those soldiers' faith Joe learned a faith that helped him who had come to help them.

Then came the miracle. Joe feels shy about discussing it, but Kathryn Brown, with all the joy of a loving wife whose heart was heavy for him, tells you:

"We don't try to explain how it happened, but suddenly Joe was well. On one of the rough, make-shift plank stages, out there in the South Pacific, he found himself dancing. He just couldn't believe it, he who had been hardly able to walk when leaving home—there he was—dancing.

Prayers That Heal

"Joe and I talked it over after he got back. We'd got out a big package of letters that had come from all over the country when it was known Joe was going to the Southwest Pacific. Mothers had written those letters—mothers of the boys in the service out there—and they all said they were praying for Joe's safety and well being because he was trying to bring a little happiness to their sons.

"We believe that those prayers healed Joe. Or maybe it was the prayers of the boys he visited. Something did. His shortened leg has come back to normal now. And from that day on, he hasn't had a twinge of pain."

Some people talk about the sorrows that have hurt them deeply; others find relief and a greater joy than they have ever known before in helping other people.

Joe E. Brown is one of these and perhaps in the seas of laughing faces that have looked up at him so eagerly, he sees just one face that he misses very much.

(From "Movieland," Dec., 1943)



Here's where you stand today!

Look ahead a year or two... for your own sake.

Over on the dark side is this: Every unnecessary thing you buy helps shove the country one step nearer inflation and the bad times that come in inflation's wake.

Over on the bright side is this: Every single cent you save helps move you and your country one step nearer the kind of prosperous, happy, postwar America you want.

Okay—you're human. You're thinking mainly about yourself. YOU SHOULD. Because if every man Jack (and every girl Jill) buys nothing he can get along without... (avoid) Black

Markets and "just-a-little-above-the-ceiling" like the plague! ... pays off the mortgage or any other debts... takes out more insurance... builds a healthy sock of savings... buys and holds more War Bonds—inflation will stay away from our door.

And Jack and Jill will be in a sound position no matter what times come.

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